

November 1912.

**NOVEMBER**

**19**

**THE ECHO**

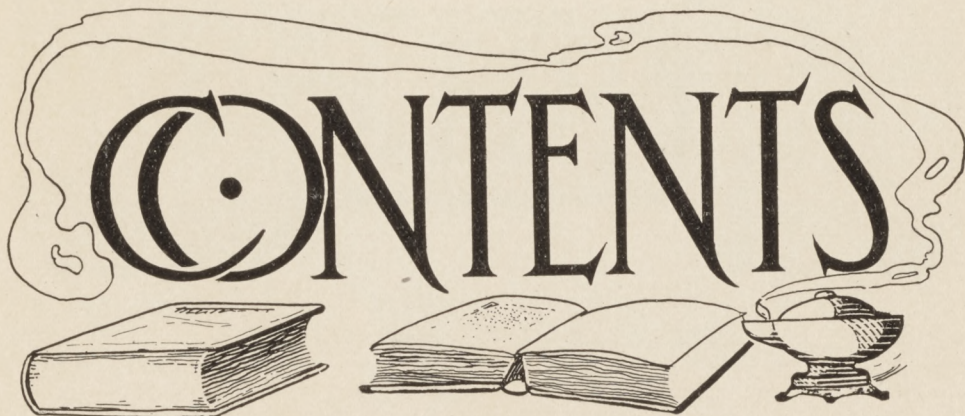
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**S.R.H.S.**



GOVERNMENT





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VOL. V.

SANTA ROSA, NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 3

## *Guess!*

The Year, 1912. The Place, Off Santa Barbara



HE steamship "Miguel" was ready to sail. On the deck stood a young man looking out over the crowded wharf. A clean-cut, young fellow, he was, clad in a neat gray traveling suit. A close glance revealed the fact that he was a decided blonde. His eyes, large and grey, wore a sort of wistful look, as though he were loath to leave his native land, and not overly pleased with the prospect of the sea trip ahead of him. His thin nose, slightly aquiline, and his firm set lips, gave him an aristocratic appearance, distinguishing him from his fellow-passengers. He was neither tall, nor short, being that happy medium, above which a man begins to look long-drawn out, and under which, he appears sawed-off.

The gang-plank was about to be drawn up, when a taxicab dashed up to the wharf. The door flew open, and out jumped a little, old man. He was extremely sprightly for his age. Throwing the driver a coin, he darted across the wharf, up the gang-plank, just a moment before it swung into place.

"Just in the nick of time," he murmured to himself, but loud enough for the young man leaning on the deck rail, to hear.

"Ah, an Englishman," he thought to himself, as the old man passed.

Just then, the engines of the great boat were set in motion, and amid many farewells and flutterings of handkerchiefs, she glided away from her moorings, out into the harbor.

Fifteen minutes later, the rough sea had driven most of the passengers to their staterooms, but our young friend, being a good sailor, paced the deck, taking in the full benefit of the sea breezes. As he rounded the corner near the prow of the vessel, the sound of angry voices reached his ears.

"I left explicit orders that the room must be on the port side, in the middle of the ship, and was assured that you would do the best you could for me."

"We did the best we could, sir. You ordered the stateroom only a short



time ago, and all the rooms except this one were taken at the time. We can't make a stateroom to suit you."

"Yes, but I ordered it two weeks ago. It seems to me that that ought to be plenty of time."

"O well, I can't stand here and argue all day with you; it's the best we can do, I tell you, and you'll have to take it and say nothing."

With this the impudent purser walked off just as the young man in gray passed. The little, old Englishman strutted about, extremely flustered, his face burning with indignation.

At that moment, the young man stopped, turned shortly, saying to the old man in kindly tones, "What's the matter; you appear to be in trouble?"

"O, these steamship men! They certainly drive me distracted! They are such impudent fellows. Two weeks ago, I ordered a stateroom, portside, middle of the ship, and this is what they have given me. Such disregard! Such thoughtlessness!"

"Why, I think I have the very room you wish—number sitteen, that's it, port side, middle of the ship. Now, if you wish, we can exchange tickets. That room will be much more comfortable for you than the one you have. It really doesn't make any difference to me which room I occupy. Here is my ticket; will you accept it?"

"Young man, you are very kind, I am sure, and if it doesn't make any difference to you, I believe I will accept your generous offer. But let's see; what name am I to assume on this trip? James Ashton! Eh?" With that, he gave a searching look at the young man. "Sit down, young man, I should like to talk with you for a few minutes. You say your name is James Ashton?"

"Yes."

"Where is your home?"

"I was born in New York City, but since I was six years old, I have lived in Santa Barbara."

"Do you attend college?"

"Yes. I am just now returning from my summer vacation. I attend the University of California, in Berkeley."

"For what are you fitting yourself?"

"To be a physician and surgeon. I finish my 'pre-med.' next term. You see, when father died, he left mother and me a small fortune; but I decided that it is of no merit to live on inherited money, so very early in life, I resolved to use my life and my money to good advantage. Medicine is my favorite profession, so I decided to follow that."

"Oh, I see! In what way did your father make his fortune?"

"In the Kimberly diamond mines, South Africa."

Once more, the old man started, and looked sharply at James Ashton.

"Was your father American-born, or, er—that is, of American parentage?"

"No, he was born in England. He ran away from home when he was eighteen. More than that, I know nothing; he was quite reticent on the subject, and spoke of it only at rare intervals. Here is a picture of him, that mother gave me just before I left home. She said it was taken when he was



fourteen. Do you wish to see it?" The young man drew from around his neck a small gold locket containing an old-fashioned daguerreotype.

Thembling with eagerness, the old man grasped the tiny locket, and gazed intently upon the features of a boyish face.

"Oh! Oh!" he exclaimed with tears in his eyes. "It is Jimmie! Poor little Jimmie! If you only knew the anguish and remorse of your poor old father the night before he died! At last, after months of travel, and search, I have found—not you, but your son?"

"What do you mean?" cried the young man, in astonishment.

"This," said the old man, excitedly. "I am Arthur W. Pomeroy, of Pomeroy and Pomeroy, Barristers, London. I have been searching the United States over for your father. He could be traced to Los Angeles, but there, he seemed to have utterly disappeared. Having given up hope of finding him, I took this steamer from Santa Barbara to San Francisco, en route to London, to report my failure. Now, good fortune fairly throws me into the arms of the son of the man for whom I am looking. Since he is dead"—

The rest was for Ashton's ears alone.

—S. R. C., '13.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY

With its feasting, praise and prayers,  
Now comes Thanksgiving Day,  
So famous in our nation. But pause—  
Why is this holiday?

Look back o'er the annals of history,  
Back to the colonial day,  
When the persecuted Puritans of England  
Were seeking freedom to pray.

Having crossed the stormy Atlantic,  
In three and sixty days,  
They disembarked on Plymouth Rock,  
So history goes to say.

'Twas after a dreadful winter,  
Midst hunger, and Indian crimes,  
That a plenteous harvest came,  
Bringing prospects of better times.

A ship arrived from England,  
And the Indians gave them corn,  
So after that perilous winter  
They were less forlorn.

On the last Thursday of November,  
The year of 1621,  
Led by their Governor Bradford,  
Gave thanks to the Divine One.

So, thus 'twas those Puritan fathers,  
Near three centuries ago,  
Originated our Thanksgiving Day,  
On that cold New England shore.

—F. A., '13.



## *At Peace With The World*



ON the mountain passes of the pine-girdled heights, where the snow clings in patches far into burning June, the last rays of light from the dying sun were giving way to the huddled gray ghosts of night.

Far up on this snowy ridge, stood Gordon Wellesly, For a moment he halted on the summit of a boulder, that clenched like a giant's fist at the edge of the trail. From the zig-zag pass that split its way up the shoulder of the white-capped mountain, a widening path crept down, dim and distant, into the lime crust, which held the town of Dayton. Intently, Gordon swept his feverish gaze along the fastnesses of the rocky ledge, and he wondered, for the hundredth time, if he were near the ancient cloister of St. Francis, for his limbs were growing more weary at every step, and at times his eyes closed so tightly, that only with effort could he open them; at length his whole body seemed to cry—sleep! sleep! sleep!

Gordon Wellesly fell exhausted upon a bank of snow. The haunting vision of Margaret fighting with the cruel waves of Lake Walker, set his brain on fire. He could see it now, and realized how useless it was to think she might have been saved. How hard he had worked to finish his course at Harvard, and upon graduating, had secured a fine position, that he might show the girl of his dreams he was not what she had thought him—a worthless spendthrift. On his return home, how happy they had been, and then the terrible quarrel had turned his world to naught. His dream turned again to the drowning Margaret, who had gone alone in her tiny canoe, on the fatal waters of Lake Walker.

At dusk, four Franciscan monks, carried into the monastery, the limp body of a man, who had been found by the St. Bernards, half buried in the snow.

The chiming of mission bells, brought Wellesly to his senses. Opening his eyes, he found himself stretched upon a low bench, surrounded by strange looking beings, clothed in rude sack-like garments, who were peering eagerly into his face.

Tenderly the monks lifted his head, and held a cup of steaming milk to his lips. Propped upon one elbow, Gordon tried to realize the situation, and slowly placing one hand in his pocket, he brought forth a card, which he handed to the long-faced monk holding the cup from which he had just drunk. The monk took the card and read aloud:

"I, Gordon Wellesly, wish to become a member of this sacred order of monks, and do solemnly swear to live the life required by the same, until death."

—R. E. D.; '13.



## Letters From Peggy to Her Cousin

North Platte, June 12.

Dear Cousin Lucille:



want to thank you for your dear letter, and for the lovely engagement present. When I showed it to Jack, he was pleased, and told me to tell you that you are a dandy girl. You remember Jack's sister, Betty, don't you? She was the one who went with me to the train to meet you. Well, tomorrow I am going to the matinee with her to see "Madame Butterfly"; I am simply crazy to see it. I have to call for her at 2:00.

Hope you enjoy this message. With love,

Yours,  
Peggy.

---

North Platte, June 14.

My Dear Lucille:

I am crying so hard that I can hardly see to write this; but let me break the news gently. I've broken my engagement with Jack! Of course I feel terribly, and I cried all night long. This is the way it happened:

In my last letter I told you that I was going to the matinee with Betty. I got started all right and took the car to East Linden street. As I reached the front porch, I distinctly heard these sarcastic words spoken in a familiar voice, "Here comes that pesky cat again." (These blots on the paper are tears.)

I was simply too distressed for words. When Betty opened the door and rushed to greet me, I turned and fled before she had time to speak. The idea! and after I have always been so nice to her, and then have her speak of me as "that pesky cat!" I am never going to speak to any of the family again.

Ten Minutes Later.

Jack just called, and mama told him I would not see him. I peeked through the window; he looked terribly pale, so I guess he is taking it hard. I cannot think of anything else, only please write soon and comfort,

Your sorrowing,  
Peggy.

---

North Platte, June 20.

Dearest Lucille:

Thank you for your comforting letter. It came just as the 'phone rang for the fifteenth time this morning. This time it was Betty; she asked for a private talk with me this afternoon. Poor Betty, she's an awfully dear girl, but I just hate her now. Her father and mother came to see if they couldn't unravel the mystery, last night. You see, they don't know why I broke the engagement.

Love from  
Peggy.



P. S.—Just one week ago I was as happy as a lark, but now I am pale,  
Peggy.

---

North Platte, June 21.

Darling Lucille:

I feel like screaming for joy, but instead, I will tell you what's the matter.

Betty's neighbor has a horrible cat that does insist upon catching other people's chickens. It comes to see Betty quite often, and naturally gets slanderous remarks thrown at it. Also, Betty has a parrot (I never knew that before. But oh joy! I do now), who is inclined to repeat things it hears. The cat is a particular enemy of the parrot, so the latter speaks quite terrible things of it.

I have been to see the parrot, and would you believe it, he put out his foot and said, "Tow-de-do" to me, and laughed. I wonder if the parrot knows that it was to blame?

A thousand kisses and love,

Peggy.

P. S.—Jack says that you are to be the maid of honor.

Peggy.

—E. G., '13.

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## November

November, the beginning of winter's reign,  
With winds and storms that rush amain;  
The clouds gather thick and fast each day,  
Changing the sky to a dark, dull gray.

Oh, the days gone by, too quickly past,  
Spring, summer, autumn, now winter at last;  
The north wind sighs for a summer breeze,  
As it gushes and whistles through the trees.

So I take a walk in the early morn,  
And view the fields of frost-bitten corn;  
Out in the country's crisp, cleansed air,  
'Mid the hills and vales now grown so bare.

—E. K., '15.





## *A Thanksgiving Experience*



EARLY on the morning of November twenty-eighth, a cab drove swiftly up to the small stone depot at the college town. Two girls, dressed for traveling, each carrying a suit-case, and bundled up in big heavy coats, for the weather was exceedingly cold, stepped out, and made their way through the throng of people gathered on the depot platform, to the ticket office.

"Two tickets for Kenton," said one of the girls, after the business-like agent had been aroused sufficiently to leave his comfortable position by the office stove, and make his appearance at the window. He finally produced the tickets, and, to their inquiry as to when their train should arrive, drawled out, "Train to Kenton due in eight minutes."

Being a cold, frosty morning, the girls found the stove in the small waiting-room the center of attraction of more people than could comfortably crowd around it, so they decided to try to keep warm by walking briskly up and down the station platform. Occupied in this way, they chatted excitedly, in anticipation of a coming event.

The girls were Ruth Sheridan, and her chum, Evelyn Ward, both struggling Freshmen at college. Since the beginning of the semester, finding their interests in college to be about the same, they had been friends. So when a couple of weeks before, Ruth received a letter from her mother, saying that they expected her home for Thanksgiving vacation, and allowing her the privilege of bringing a friend, she had had no hesitation about whom to invite; while Evelyn, whose home was in another State, was very glad to accept the invitation. The Sheridans possessed a lovely home in the city of Kenton, about a hundred and fifty miles from Stamford, so the girls naturally expected to have a glorious vacation, but were anticipating Thanksgiving Day itself more than anything else. A letter from Ruth's younger sister intimated the elaborate preparations for a grand Thanksgiving dinner, the company invited to participate, and the plans for the entertainment that was to follow. The first of the week they found it would be impossible for them to leave college until Thanksgiving morning, but by taking the early train, found that they would arrive home by one o'clock, in plenty of time for dinner, at half-past two.

Promptly at half past five their train arrived, and amid the general excitement, Ruth and Evelyn got on board, settling themselves comfortably for their trip. Exactly five minutes later the conductor shouted, "All Aboard!" Then the train pulled out of the station.

"Well, at last we are really started," said Evelyn.

"Yes, isn't it a relief? I was terribly afraid that we should never be able to catch this early train," said Ruth. "About seven hours of this, then we shall be home—I can hardly wait now that we are really on the way. Dad will meet us at the depot in the auto and get us to the house in ten minutes. Then we will have to hurry to get ready to meet the guests for dinner. Thanksgiving dinner—Oh! joyful thought!" For awhile they kept up a lively



conversation, and gazed at the passing scenery. When a boy came through the car, selling the latest magazines, they decided that the time would pass faster if they had something to read, so purchased a couple, and soon each of them was deep in a story.

It was about eleven o'clock when the train stopped at a little wayside station, called Arbuckle, in a deserted looking part of the country. Ruth, looking up from her magazine, exclaimed in surprise, "Why, I wonder why they stopped here—they never have before that I can remember. From the appearances of things, I never blamed anyone for not wanting to get off." No one seemed to get off now, except the conductors and brakemen, who soon gathered in a group in front of the small, dilapidated station, where a typical country farmer told them something in an excited manner.

"Well, this is certainly mysterious," said Evelyn, "I wonder what can be up?"

Soon the curiosity of the other passengers was aroused, and several of the men got off to see if anything was wrong. A gentleman sitting across the aisle from Ruth and Evelyn went out, and returning shortly afterwards, announced that it seemed that there had been a big freight wreck a few miles beyond, and that the train would be unable to go any farther until the track was cleared. When that would be no one knew. On hearing this news, the girls were dismayed. Seeing a conductor standing near the window, Ruth opened it, asking him if it were true. The conductor grimly confirmed the report, adding the sarcastic remark that it would not be hard to pass the time away in such a lively metropolis as Arbuckle. On realizing the situation, Ruth and Evelyn were thrown into the depths of despair. To be stuck in this hole for several hours was in itself bad enough. But, that it should be on this day of all days, and that it should now be utterly impossible for them to reach home for that anticipated dinner, was enough to convince anybody that Fate was against them.

After a period of absolute despondency, knowing that they might as well become resigned to the situation, they decided to try to ease their feelings by following the example of many of their fellow-passengers, by walking outside. To say the least, Arbuckle was not an exciting spot. A road led from the station to the town itself, which consisted of the inevitable country grocery, a blacksmith shop, and several dwellings. The appearance of the passengers created quite an interest among the inhabitants, for the proprietor of the grocery immediately opened shop. Those who went in to investigate were not able to give very favorable reports on the variety or choiceness of the edibles to be purchased. At about one o'clock, discouraged and forlorn, Ruth and Evelyn made a repast of crackers and cheese, slightly the worse for age.

"This is certainly a contrast to the feast we expected to have today," lamented Ruth. "Just think of crackers and cheese for a Thanksgiving dinner! Whenever we get home we shall have something to make up for this."

"I wouldn't call it a Thanksgiving dinner on our part," said Evelyn,



"probably we should be glad to be able to get anything at all to eat in this remote spot, but in this case it is rather difficult to be thankful."

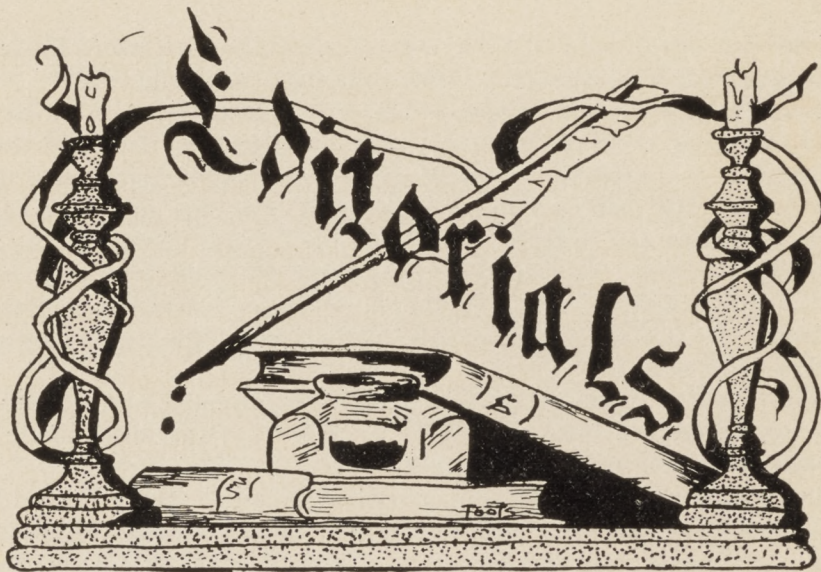
Afterwards, there was nothing whatever to occupy the time but to walk around outside or sit in the train, awaiting consequences. The girls tried to find consolation in reading, but invariably their thoughts would turn to the pleasures they had expected to be enjoying at this time, and they became terribly impatient and restless. To add to the general gloom, shortly after two it began to rain. Soon quite a storm arose, the rain came down in torrents, outside it was fearfully cold, then it became so dark that reading was impossible. At last the afternoon dragged on until it was four o'clock, but still they were stranded.

Half-past four came—there was no sign of continuing the journey, but finally just before five word came that the track was clear, and joyfully they bade farewell to the burg of Arbuckle.

Shortly after seven the train arrived at Kenton. Ruth could hardly suppress her joy when she saw her father waiting on the platform, and caught a glimpse of the big, gray automobile in the distance. At home they were eagerly welcomed, and Evelyn was introduced to all. Great was their satisfaction to find that not all of the Thanksgiving dinner had been consumed, and that a spread, which was a feast indeed in comparison to crackers and cheese, was awaiting them as soon as they were ready. Of course they related the experiences of the day to all, but in the pleasures of the evening, soon forgot that there was such a place on the earth as Arbuckle.







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HANKSGIVING DAY is coming. How eager we are for that day to come, not merely because we may hope for a turkey dinner, but because we are going to enjoy one of the four school holidays which the State Legislature allows us. We are not tired of school, but hope that on the day before Thanksgiving, we may leave school without text books, to enjoy the day as we should—in thankfulness and rejoicing.

Most of us forget the meaning of the day, taking everything as a matter of course. In our enjoyment, we forget the thousands who toil and struggle that day and all others in order that they may live.

We should be thankful not only for the comforts which we have, but also for the many opportunities given us, using them while they last, and remembering that once passed, they will never present themselves again.

Many dislike school work, considering it a hard task, due to the fact that enough interest is not taken in it. The only difference between work and pleasure is the spirit with which it is performed, so work that is a pleasure to do, becomes an enjoyment.

Let us remember the many who are working hard, with few or no pleasures, to gain the chance we have of getting an education that will open to us a world of activity.

Thanksgiving is a harvest festival. As we are all growing in knowledge, let us endeavor to gather the fruit of our school work so carefully that it will last, and be helpful to us in our life-work.

Since the fall semester of the school year does not end until January the thirty-first, the Senior number of THE ECHO will appear in January.

All material must be in by December the sixteenth.

Credit should be given to F. L. Spooncer for drawing the cover design. His name was omitted from the drawing by the engravers.





#### YE HAND BALL

Of late, hand ball has been the all-absorbing topic of interest among certain boys in the school. Some members have eliminated completely the custom of eating at noon time, preferring to play at the new game.

Hand ball is a good sport if kept in its proper place. However, you know that said game is the mainstay of delight at Ukiah, Napa, Eldridge and Stockton. This subject could well be kept within the realm of reason. But to make a climax to the whole thing, those who are most radical upon the subject wish to establish a series of games with some other towns. We have listed most of the towns in this State which have hand ball clubs. Now, if our boys were to play with teams from certain of these towns, you know that they would run great danger of catching the "hand ball craze," and some of them would no doubt be so badly affected that we would have to provide a home for them. It would be well to look into this matter thoroughly.

#### YE FOOTBALL

At the recent meeting of the Governing Board, a motion was made and carried, that football be abolished from the list of school activities. At the time it was supposed that interest in the sport was so slight as to forfeit its support. Since then circumstances have proven otherwise. Rather than be deprived of their favorite game, some twenty-five students formed an independent team, under the direction of Captain Argyle and Manager Maroni, and several successful practices were held. Mr. Walker, formerly a player on St. Mary's varsity team, kindly consented to act as coach. So much excellent material showed up, and such splendid results were obtained that even the faculty became enthused.

On November 6, under the direction of Mr. Montgomery, a meeting of all interested in the subject, took place. Acting on his advice, a committee



of three was selected to broach the matter before the Governing Board for further consideration. The exact subject of their petition is not yet known. However, they will undoubtedly ask for recognition as a school activity and for financial support to the limit of at least fifteen dollars. This is a perfectly fair and just request and should be carried without difficulty.

### TRACK

The Field-day of the Northwestern League was held on the High School oval just one week after the S. N. S. C. A. L. Weather conditions were unsettled and the Santa Rosa athletes fought their way to victory through a driving rain. Despite the downpour, hundreds of rooters gathered on the muddy grounds to witness the contest.

The best feature of the meet was the running of our captain, Lawrence Chapman, in the half-mile. Striving for the record, he led out at a killing pace, which soon left all other contestants far in the rear. Steadily increasing his speed in the second lap, he overtook and passed several runners who had not yet circled the track. At the command of the coach he slowed down perceptibly near the finish and broke the tape in the remarkable time of 2:5—a new record. Under such climatic conditions, this was a wonderful achievement.

Throughout the entire day, with few exceptions, good-natured and friendly rivalry held full sway.

50 yard dash—Whiter (W), Bettini (S. R.), McCutchan (H). 5-3.

100 yard dash—Briggs (H), Bettini (S. R.), Whited (W). 10-3.

220 yard dash—Briggs (H), Rogers (S. R.), Churchill (S. R.), Lawson (U). 26-3.

440 yard dash—Allenby (U), Meyer (U), Churchill (S. R.), Skilling (P). 57-2.

880 yard dash—Chapman (R. R.), Wilkinson (S. R.), Talbot (S. R.), Brown (P). 2-05.

Mile run—Skilling (P), Allenby (U), Chapman (S. R.), Wilkinson (S. R). 5-07.

220 yard hurdles—Gore (S. R.), McNab (U), Mills (S. R.), Foye (F. B.) 30-3.

120 yard hurdles—Berkovits (F. B.), Gore (S. R.), Russell (S. R.) 17-3.

Mile relay—Santa Rosa, Ukiah, Petaluma, Analy.

Hammer—Caughey (U), Berkovits (F. B.), Byington (H), Prather (U). 156 feet.

Pole vault—Pedersen (R. R.), Endicott (W), Larimer (S. R.), Oxender (P). 10-3.

High jump—Berkovits (F. B.), Dykes (P), Endicott (W), Pedersen (S. R). 5-9½.

Shot put—Caughey (U), McCutchan (H), Allenby (U), Lawson (U). 46-5.

Broad jump—McCutchan (H), Whited (W), Russell (S. R.), Larimer (S. R)., 18-9.

Discus—Caughey (U), Endicott (W), Phillips (H), Merritt (S. R). 102-7.



## Summary of Northwestern League Meet

Santa Rosa .....	60½
Ukiah .....	41
Healdsburg .....	24½
Willits .....	18
Petaluma .....	16
Fort Bragg .....	14
Analy .....	2

## S. N. S. C. A. L.

Taking advantage of the excursion rates and the ideal weather conditions, an enormous crowd accompanied our track team to Cloverdale on October the nineteenth. Here, with their customary skill, the Santa Rosa athletes won their way to victory by a surplus of points. With such uniform excellence did our team perform, that it is impossible to name any one man as star of the meet. The track on which the competition took place was nothing to brag about, and handicapped the athletes in their efforts to establish new records. The entire field day was characterized by ideal fairness on every side. A good-natured crowd, a valiant rooting section, and a bunch of husky athletes all served to make the day a success.

The following is a summary of the meet:

50 yard dash—Briggs (H), Bettini (S R), McCutchan (H). Time 5 3-5.  
 100 yard dash—Briggs (H), Bettini (S R), Hatton (P). Time 10 1-5.  
 220 yard dash—Briggs (H), Bettini (S R), Hatton (P). Time 23 2-5.  
 440 yard dash—Churchill (S R), Skilling (P), Talbot (S R). Time 58 2-5.  
 880 yard dash—Brown (P), Talbot (S R), Stice (P). Time 2:19.  
 Mile run—Chapman (S R), Skilling (P), Grant (C). Time 5:06.  
 220 yard hurdles—Gore (S R), Russel (S R), Mills (S R). Time 29 4-5.  
 120 yard hurdles—Gore (S R), Russel (S R), MacKinny. Time 17 3-5.  
 Broad jump—McCutchan (H), Russel (S R), Larimer (S R). Distance 20 feet 1½ inches.

Polt vault—Oxender (P) and Larimer (S R) tie for first, Pedersen (S R). Height 10 feet 5 inches.

High jump—Dykes (P), Pedersen (S R), Mills (S R) and Briggs (H), tie for second. Height 5 feet 5 1-8 inches.

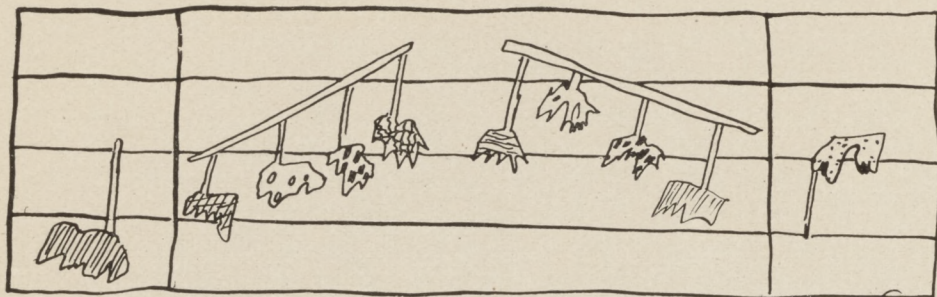
Shot put—McCutchan (H), Ladue (S R), Phillips (H). Distance 40 feet 11 inches.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

A letter has been received, stating that the first game of the S. N. S. C. A. L. will be played on or about November the fifteenth. This will mean hard and steady practice up to that date if we expect to have a winning team. From then on, there will be league games up to the championship game, when we expect to win the cup again.

Mr. Allen has been coaching the girls and they have improved greatly.





## School Notes

The programs of the past month have been very interesting, and have given much pleasure to the Student Body. They have consisted of the following:

### October 2

Piano Solo, "Ave Maria" .....Margaret Forsyth  
 Vocal Solo, "A Message in My Dreams".....Helen Fraser  
 Piano Solo .....Alice LaDue

### October 18—Rally Day

Two of the High School songs by the school.  
 Speeches regarding the merits of the team, by Lawrence Chapman, Raegen Talbot, and Mr. Steele, the track team's coach.

### October 22

The Student Body was favored by a musical recital by Mr. Moss. This was a treat that was very much appreciated by the students. We hope to hear from him again in the near future.

### October 25

Song, "Is Everybody Happy?".....Girls' Glee Club

### November 1

Piano Solo .....Barbara Dows  
 Vocal Solo .....Blanche Bonnard

## DEBATING

The Debating Society has made considerable progress during the past month. A tryout for the team has been held and a very efficient team has been chosen. Among those who discussed the question concerning "Panama Canal Tolls," the judges, Attorney Vaughan, Miss Barnett and Miss Wirt, decided that the following were most capable in the order given: Frances Ahl, Douglas Cameron, Grace Titus and Chester Case. The first three will serve as the team proper, and the fourth as alternate.

On the twenty-second of November, in our own assembly hall, will be held the annual debate with Analy High School. The team has been working diligently, and all members of the debating society are lending their utmost aid toward preparing a debate that will not only win for us a happy victory, but also will be interesting to all who attend.



## *Governing Board Report*

October 9—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. The secretary's report was read, and then the report of Barbara Dows, as yell leader, was read and accepted. Nominations were then put in order for a new yell leader. John Mitchell, Douglas Cameron and Frank Spooncer were nominated, Mitchell being elected. Raegan Talbot, manager of track, then made a motion that the Governing Board furnish the money required as security by the S. N. S. C. A. L. managers to insure the entrance of contestants. The amount was to be fifty cents (.50) per man. The motion was seconded and carried. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned.

October 15—No quorum.

October 16—A special session was called by President England for the purpose of considering a number of important matters. An application for expenditure of money was presented and granted as follows: One basketball bladder to cost \$1.50. Roy Mills then made a motion that, as the season was very short and the track work would take up so much of the time for the next few weeks, football be abolished for the term. The motion was seconded and carried by a ballot vote. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned.

October 22—A regular session of the Governing Board was held. A general discussion was engaged in, regarding the action of the Governing Board in abolishing football for the term. Case asked for some reason why the Board could stop any school activity. A motion was passed that the chair read the portion of the constitution relating to such a condition. This read, it was decided that to reorganize football, another vote of the Governing Board would have to be taken. A motion was made that football be played, but there was no second to the motion. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned.

October 29—A regular session was held, President England presiding. The following men were granted their "S's": Bettini, Rogers, Churchill, Mills, Gore and Larimer. Merritt and Russell were granted their numerals. An application for expenditure of money to the amount of \$3.50 was granted Raegan Talbot. A motion was then made by Nathanson, that handball be introduced as a regular activity in the school. This motion was seconded by Mr. Allen. It was then decided that an amendment would have to be added to the constitution permitting this. A motion was then made that an amendment be added to the constitution making handball a regular activity. There was some discussion as to whether this motion should be voted on at the regular election or at a special election. As there were two motions before the Board and some indecision on the part of members to act, all motions and suggestions were withdrawn. A motion was then made that at the next general election an amendment be made to the constitution making handball an activity. This motion was seconded. A ballot vote was taken and the measure was defeated. Smith then made a motion that a dance be given in honor of the track team. This motion was seconded and carried. It was moved and seconded that Mr. Montgomery take up the matter of the dance with the Mothers' Club.





This department has been sending out many exchanges during the last month, but we have received few in return. We miss many of our old friends that we would like to see on our exchange list again.

**High School Breccia**, Portland, Me.: Your literary material is good, but why spoil your appearance with those ads. on the front page? A paper of your standing should have a large exchange column department.

**The Argus**, Tulare, Cal (Commencement Number): You should give your Literary department preference to the editorials. Your appearance and cuts are very good.

**Gettysburg Academy Iles**, Gettysburg, Penn.: As a newcomer, we welcome you. Your arrangement is poor. Place the Literary department first, then the editorials, and next the Athletic department. Come again.

**Mercury**, Milwaukee, Wis.: Why do you keep your ads. in the front? An Advertiser's Directory is not a very appropriate frontispiece, though it may bring you more money.

**The Tiger**, San Francisco, Cal.: Yours is the largest and best exchange received so far. Surely a High School of your size could publish a monthly magazine. The ad. on your back cover detracts very much from your appearance.

**Visalia High School News**, Visalia, Cal.: You are quite a novelty as an exchange. You evidently have the backing of an enthusiastic Student Body.

**The Wilmerding Life**, San Francisco, Cal.: You are one of the best exchanges received this month. The ad. on the back cover does not add to your attractiveness. We see no mention of our paper in your Exchange column. Don't you receive The Echo?

**The Reyen Record**, Youngstown, Ohio: The ads. do not belong in the front of the paper; keep them in the back. A Literary cut would improve you greatly. The Exchange department should precede the Athletic.

**The Echo**, Lincoln, Cal.: Your appearance is better than the average. We suggest a new cover every issue, instead of a stock cover.

**The Blue Owl**, Attleborough, Mass.: Your arrangement is poor. The Literary department should come first. Joshes should not be scattered among the editorials. Exchanges should come before the joshes.

**The Gondolier**, Venice, Cal.: You contain much valuable material concerning your High School. We suggest a few department cuts.

**The Cocoonut**, Manila, P. I.: Your appearance has improved greatly in the last few months. Your poets are clever.



# JOKES



Dorothy Condo—I wonder why Don said Irene had a complexion like a peach?

Dorothy Brush—On account of so much fuzz, I guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

“What’s the score?”

“Eight to four.”

“You must be mistaken, I’m sure. I haven’t seen more than three men carried off the field.

\* \* \* \* \*

Margaret F.—I washed my hair today.

Mae H.—And now a load is off your mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Allen (in Cloverdale, gazing upon a striking damsel)—Say, Martin, she’d be a peach for my basketball team.

Yay, ho,  
Mitch and Flo.  
Ho, Ho, Ho,  
For our dear Echo.

\* \* \* \* \*

All good boys love their sisters,  
And I so good have grown,  
That I love other boys’ sisters  
As well as I love my own.

\* \* \* \* \*

Marion M.—Helen Geary seems like such a reserved girl.

Florence L.—Yes, I wonder who for?

\* \* \* \* \*

Beryl—Is it true you are engaged to Hugh?

Gwen.—No; I want to see how he looks after the football season.

HAVE YOU TRIED

## Jacobs’

**Jar Taffies?**

IF NOT

WHY NOT?

## Hattie, McKinney & Titus

**Complete House Furnishings**

Everything at one price, and that price  
**RIGHT**

**304 Fourth Street. Santa Rosa**



John M. as a yell leader is a howling success.

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen F.—My brains have been bothering me of late.

Beryl S.—I wish I had as little to bother me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Wirt (to Lester N.):

"Hat Fred ein guter verstand?"

(Has Fred good understanding?)

Then as an afterthought:

"Oh, well, say so anyway."

\* \* \* \* \*

### In the Study Hall

(Mr. Martin to Juliet J. and Agnes): You girls have to quit talking; there is too much commotion radiating around this radiator!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dodge O'C.—Didn't you say your dog's bark was worse than his bite?

Don S.—Yes.

Dodge—Then for goodness sake, don't let him bark; he's just bitten me!

\* \* \* \* \*

### Proper Coats

For an Undertaker—Box coat.

For a Judge—Fine coat.

For a Housemaid—Duster.

For a Housekeeper—New market.

For an Old Maid—Mail coat.

For a Sightseer—Rubber coat.

For a College Girl—Pony coat.

For a Glutton—Eton coat.

"There are five reasons why I can't get married."

"What are they?"

"A wife and four children."

\* \* \* \* \*

She—But, Capt., why do they always call a ship "she?"

He—Well, you wouldn't ask me if you ever tried to steer one.

—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Uncompromised

Ed. in 1 Mag. together were

Out. in close communion seen;

Ed. was but an editor,

Mag. a weekly magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hugh—Say, Bud, what's a vacuum?

Bud—I can't just remember it now, but I've got one in my head.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dale W.—In last Latin ex. he gave me the principal parts of "to skate" as follows: Skate—Slipper—Fallen—Bumtium.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother—Why, Bobbie, what do you mean by making baby eat that yeast cake?

Bobbie—Boo Ho! He swallowed my nickel and I am trying to raise the dough

—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Allen—If I have three eggs and break two, what part have I left?

Bill Dont—The shells.

**HAHMAN DRUG CO.**

**Prescription Druggists**

**213 Exchange Ave.**

**Santa Rosa - California**



535 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Specialists in Fitting Glasses.



Mr. M. (Com. Geog.)—What has Brooklyn got that New York hasn't?

F. P.—It has the other end of the bridge.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Curt, But True

She—I wonder where those clouds are going?

He—To thunder!

\* \* \* \* \*

Al. Hockin—Where is your favorite retreat?

Bud Berry—The Lake of Dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

Landlady—What's the matter with the pie?

Boarder—'Taint fit for a pig, and I'm not going to eat it.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. Turner—Say, Tom, if you have to hold two hands to that machine I won't ride with you.

### Behind the Times

S. Baxter—Margaret, have you been operated on yet?

M. Hatch—No; Mother says I am backward for my age!

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Wiley—Tom, in what battle was Wolfe killed?

Tom—His last, I guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

F. H.—Say, old man, you've got your sock on wrong side out

T.—Yes, I know, there's a hole on the other side. —Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three of them are "lie" and half of it "if."

\* \* \* \* \*

Little grains of sawdust,

Little strips of wood,

Treated scientifically,

Make our breakfast food.

—Ex.

\* \* \* \* \*

Vera likes to come to school

To get a lot of learnin',

But she'd rather take a stroll

Not very far from Herman.

---

## COLTRIN'S SANTA ROSA GROCERY

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES  
SELECTED FRUITS

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**Santa Rosa  
Bottling  
Works**

Phone 472L

W. H. HUDSON  
Proprietor

Miss Mailer—Can't you solve that simple fraction?

Salem P.—Yes, Miss Mailer, but I'd rather not.

Miss Mailer—And why not?

S. P.—It's an improper one.

**Bianchi Bros.**

**RESTAURANT**

LITTLE PETE, Mgr.

Occidental Block

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CALIFORNIA

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*Fall Suit and Top Coat Time*

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Red Devil

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Coffees, Teas, Spices, Crockery, Glass-  
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420-422 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA

Miss Smith (in Physics)—Nor-  
man, what is velocity?

Norman McPeak—Velocity is  
what a fellow lets go of a wasp with.

FREE DELIVERY

PHONE 50

**Eugene C. Farmer**

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

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HIGH SCHOOL HAT PINS  
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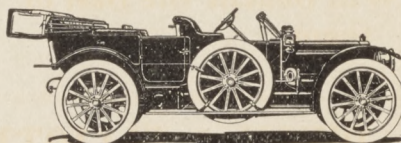
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then,  
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them.

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